

Bra - One Life is Too Much

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Summary: My long fan fic. This contains the prologue, chapter 1 and 2

1. Default Chapter Title

Bra - One Life Is Too Much

>
Prologue

>
The tears flowed from her blue eyes like water rushing down a stream. Everything she viewed was blurred with her tears, the blue mist surrounding her, was like a blue haze, swallowing up all of her surroundings.

>Sobbing, she stumbled her way through the mist to a clearing. Her sobbing subsided as she glanced around her. The clearing was no better than the mist, the clearing was black and empty, the air was cold and foreign, and nothing was familiar at all. Except for the only other person there.
"Her DAUGHTER WAS THERE! Her outline was visible. It WAS HER!" She thought.

>She ran swiftly, her sobs were now sobs of joy. She had found her child, in this empty black space she had found a person whom she loved.
She was swifter with each step, as she ran to reach her child.

>Suddenly the distant child gave a warning.
"Stay back." The child said dully.

>"Nani?" She blinked in sudden confusion. She halted in her tracks.
"Stay back, I'll handle this." The child stated, once again.

>"Handle what? You're just a child! Come here!" Her sobs were building up in her throat, again.
Suddenly the child turned, and faced her mother.

>A startled gasp came out from the woman's cold lips.
The child stood there, her hair flowing in all directions, but there was no wind. The child's eyes, once a brilliant blue, were now a sick, dark red. Her face wore a blank expression.

>There was no feeling coming from this child, she was a shell of who she used to be.
"Leave. Now." The child barked, impatiently.

>The woman's eyes filled up with confused tears. "This isn't my daughter, but it is!" She thought to herself.
She then started to run towards her child again, faster this time.
>"I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE!!!!!" The child roared.
Suddenly, a shock of energy surrounded the child's clenched fist. The ball of energy flashed red and yellow.
>"DEATH FLAME!" The child shrieked, as she released the ball of red and yellow energy in the direction of her mother.
She had absolutely no time to react to the sudden attack.
>It hit her full in the chest, burning and ripping right through her.
She fell on her knees, in her own dark pool of blood, grasping her chest for her last few seconds of life.
>She looked up to where the stars should've been, to where she wished she were going.
And if she could've screamed, she would've, because the child was standing right above her.
>She stared up into the child's blood red eyes as her body died.
When she was dead and gone, a strange thing happened.
>The child lifted her mother up, and held her limp, lifeless body.
"Okaasan, I told you...to leave." The child cooed sadly.

>Then she
laughed.

>
Bulma awoke with a start, here eyes darted back and forth as she evaluated her surroundings, her pulse was racing, her breathing was laboured and ragged and her whole body was tense and covered in sweat.

>She was at home, in her bed, with Vegeta asleep beside her. A cold chill went through her body; the cause was a bay window that was open, the drapes flapping softly in the wind.
"I'm home and I'm safe," She thought. "Or am I?"

>Without another thought, Bulma had thrown the thick covers back, grabbed her robe off the chair near the bed and she jumped out of bed. She was hurriedly putting the robe on as she bolted out of the room and down the hall.

>Bulma had been in such a state that she had paid no attention to the sleepy saiyajin she had just woken.
Vegeta's tail had been wrapped around Bulma's waist as they slept, and when she jumped out of bed, he had been flipped over and was now face down. His whole lower body was tangled in the massive mound of covers.

>"Mmmphh...Bulma?" He mumbled, pulling his face out of the pillow.
But she didn't respond, she was already out and gone.

>Vegeta started grumbling to himself as he untangled his body from the covers.
"What WAS it? A week in a row now?" He thought. Yes, that was it. A week in a row, she had woken up like this, waking him up in the process, and always at the same time. Was it the same time this day also?

>Vegeta rolled out of the bed and took a glance at the bright green numbers on the digital clock that was sitting on the bed table. It read 2:01am. It was the same time.
Vegeta groaned once more.

>"Baka," He muttered. "Not again."
But, really, he was very worried about her. What was going on with her?

>
Bulma was racing down the dark hallway. Her bare feet were slapping against the cold, hard floor.

>Her hair was flying in each and every direction. Her face was flushed and feverish.
But she paid no attention to any of these things as she finally reached the nursery.

>She opened the door, and crept quietly into the room.
She walked slowly to the crib in the middle of the room. She didn't bother turning on the lights.

>Bulma swallowed hard, and held her breath as she peered over the edge of the crib.
But to her joy, she saw her child. She breathed again.

>"My beautiful little Bra," Bulma mused softly, "You're so much cuter now than Trunks was at your age, you know?"
No response, the little 1/2 saiyajin was sound asleep.

>Bulma reached in the crib and picked up her little 3-month-old baby girl.
She sat down in the rocking chair nearby and rocked Bra, back and forth.

>A flash of the dream reached Bulma's brain as she rocked Bra; a horrified shudder went through all of Bulma's body as she recalled the horrible dream, no, nightmare.
As she shuddered, she pulled the baby closer, and held her tighter.

>The baby stirred, the sudden movement had woken her from her slumber.
She opened her tiny, innocent blue eyes and looked up. She saw her mother and gurgled happily.

>Her little pink hands reached up towards her mother's face, a body movement that said, UP!
No response came from her mother; she just sat there, with her head leaning forward, strands of her blue hair covering her face.

>Bra tried desperately to get her mother's attention. But she could not.
Bra's soft little tail started to swing back and forth in frustration and agitation. She whimpered a few times, trying to get Bulma's attention. But to no avail.

>Bra's little face scrunched up and she started to wail.
Suddenly there was movement from Bulma, but not the right kind of movement.

>Bulma's arms went lax and little Bra tumbled, screaming, from her mother's arms.

>Vegeta crept down the hall quietly, following Bulma. He crept quietly because he didn't want to cause her any more stress than whatever she was already suffering from.
He had a feeling he knew where she was running.

>Vegeta continued down the hall until he reached the nursery. He stood in the doorway as he saw Bulma picking up little Bra from her crib.
In the shadows, he stayed, invisible to Bulma and watched her.

>If she could've seen him, she would've seen a rare thing.
Vegeta smiled. He smiled at his mate and at his daughter.

>He was smiling because he was proud, proud of his brats. They were fine Saiyajins, hybrids at that, but Kakkarot's brat had proved, that hybrids could be even more powerful than full-blooded saiyajins.
His daughter would be a warrior, a fighter, like him and her brother.

>No matter what Bulma said, he knew Bra would.
He kept smiling, he was also smiling because, he couldn't hide it from himself.

>He loved them. He felt kind of bad around Trunks, because he had been such a horrible father when Trunks was a little brat. It wasn't until a little while ago that he had actually settled and started caring about his family. He wasn't going to ruin his relationship with Bra like he had already with Trunks.
As Vegeta snapped back to reality, he saw Bulma shudder and tighten her grip on the infant.

>"What the hell is she doing?" He thought, quizzically.
Then to his horror he saw Bulma's arms sag and the infant tumble to the ground.

>Good thing he was a saiyajin and that he was fast.
With a blur of

movement, he had dashed over and scooped up his cranky daughter.

>As he held her, her little furry tail curled up on his arm. She started gurgling happily, and drowsily, her little thumb found its way to her mouth and she drifted off to sleep.
Vegeta placed the napping baby safely back into the crib.

>He looked at Bulma in the darkness.
She was still in the rocking chair, asleep, but not fully asleep. It was more like a daydream. But Vegeta knew that it wasn't a dream for her. It was a nightmare.

>He lifted Bulma up and carried her off to their bedroom.
He gently placed her in the bed and tucked her in the blankets.

>Then he just watched.
For hours, he watched her and made sure she was safe.

>Every so often he'd wander down the hall, checking on the brat to make sure she was asleep.
Then at about 4am, he found himself leaning in the doorway to Trunk's room.

>He watched his adolescent son, deep in sleep.
Why hadn't he been a better father to him? Vegeta questioned himself.

>Then he knew, he had been acting just like his father.

Indifferent, cold and critical. Vegeta shuddered at the thought.

>He walked the hallway back to his and Bullas' bedroom and saw her stirring.
"Veg...Vegeta?" She mumbled sleepily.

>"What woman?" He answered.
"You have to listen to me....different....not her...listen to me!" She mumbled more incoherent words.

>It was then that he realized that she was still sleeping and just talking in her sleep.
No more words escaped her lips that night.

>In fact that was the last night she had the nightmares.
She didn't even remember she had them after a while.

>But Vegeta did, he was the one who witnessed her in her state of horror.
But he wasn't going to remind her, he wasn't going to make her experience it all again.

>He kept quiet.
And everything turned out just right.

>....
For a while.

>

>Chapter 1
Black Blossom

>
....Eight years later....

>The sky was a bright blue, and the clouds were soft and fluffy. All around, nature was in full bloom and looking as beautiful as possible.
Bra walked slowly to school, her book bag in front her, banging into her knees at every step.

>She was wearing her school uniform, which consisted of a red and white shirt and a navy blue skirt.
It was the first time she had walked to school on her own. Every time before, Trunks had walked her to school, and after he started working at Capsule Corp. he had driven her. But Trunks kept being late for work and that angered okaasan, so now Bra had to walk herself to school.

>She sauntered past the Cherry Park; it was named Cherry Park because it had the most beautiful cherry blossom trees in all of Satan City. As she walked by a cherry blossom fell, and it landed right on her head.
She giggled and looked up to the tree where it came from.

>But to Bra's surprise, there was somebody IN the tree!
On closer inspection, it seemed to be a young boy, about her age. And he looked like he was crying.

>Bra frowned, she looked around to make sure nobody else was around, and she flew up onto the same branch of the tree.
The boy's head

shot up as Bra lowered herself onto the branch.

>Bra gasped, the boy was unlike any she had ever seen before.
He had dark red eyes, and longish black hair. He was wearing a dark green gi and his red eyes were full of tears.

>He whimpered, "Who are you?"
Bra answered, softly, "A friend. I just wanted to see what was wrong with you."

>The boy looked suspicious, "A friend?"
Bra repeated herself.

"Yes, a friend! Now, what's wrong? Are you hurt?"

>The boy shook his head, then he said firmly. "I'm fine, why don't you just leave?"
"Cuz you aren't! Now tell me. What's wrong!" Bra replied angrily. She was just trying to help.

>"Fine! You want to know? It's because I'm tired, sick and really far from home, ok??!" He shot back.
"Oh..I'm sorry. Where are you from? Can you not get home?" Bra asked.

>"Far from here, I can't say where. But I have to get back soon!" The boy looked frantic.
"How far?" Bra asked, she had a plan.

>"Far enough, now you know, so why don't you go?" He looked back down.
"BECAUSE, I want to help!" She stated. The she reached into her bookbag, and pulled out a capsule.

>"You want this?" She asked.
"What is it?" He asked suspiciously.

>"Its' a capsule car," She stated, matter-of-factly. "It can take you ANYWHERE!"
She held it out to him; he looked at her for a moment, before snatching it out of her hand.

>Then his expression softened.
"Thank you," He said. "No stranger has ever been this nice to me before. What is your name?"

>Bra smiled, "My name is Bra, what's yours?"
The boy looked shocked as he heard her name, Bra frowned, did he know her?

>Then his smile returned, as he said. "My name is Kiamo. And here, here's something for you."
He reached behind him, into the air, and his hand came back with a flower in it.

>Bra stared at the flower, it was exquisite! It looked as if it was made of silk, the petals were a shiny, lacquered black and the center was a dark, thick red colour.
"Here." Kiamo said, as he offered her the flower.

>Bra reached forward and took the flower. Right as she touched it, the petals changed to a greenish-blue and the center changed into a light blue. She gasped at the sudden transformation.
Kiamo only smiled, and then he stood up on the branch. Bra did the same.

>The two were about the same height too.
Kiamo reached forward and gave Bra a hug. Then he whispered in her ear, "I won't forget you."

>He jumped down from the tree and disappeared.
By the time Bra looked down, he was gone.

>She questioned herself. "Had this really happened? Or was this just a figment of my imagination?"
She shrugged. Then she looked into her hand, and there was the flower. The whole thing had been real.

>Bra just smiled, she attached the flower to her hair and climbed down the tree.
She ran the rest of the way, because...well...she was late for school.

>

>Chapter 2

>Bra ran faster and faster, her breath became ragged as she raced towards her school. Her eyes were all wet; she was running so fast! She leapt around the gates of her school and made a mad, desperate dash to the front door. Striving with all her might to make it to her class before the bell rung.

>***Ring!!!!***

>Bra's heart fell with a loud thud. She groaned and leaned her head

against the front door, feeling the cool metal on her sweaty forehead. She was late. She knew what that meant. It meant detention in the hall, AND after school. Also wearing that horrid late sign that would prompt the whole class to laugh at her.
She froze in fear about the thought of her classmates. Bra bit her lip and shook her head. There was no time to worry about that now, she had to go to class sooner or later.

>Bra dreaded each moment, as she trudged up the steps to get to her classroom on the second floor.
Bra opened the door to the class and entered it, her head down so nobody could see her face.

>"Why Miss Briefs, it's so wonderful of you to grace us with your presence!" Her teacher, Miss Yuri, said sarcastically. "But, I'm sorry! You seem to be late! Drop your books by your desk and stand in the hall."
"But..Miss Yuri? Couldn't I just take my books in the hall with.." Bra started to say.

>"No! You heard me! Now IN THE HALL!" Miss Yuri bellowed.
"Gomen!" Bra said quietly. She walked down the aisle to get to her seat, to deposit her books.

>As she walked the aisle, she could feel the stares of her classmates, burning holes into her back. Bra stiffened and walked faster. She pulled off her bag and placed it delicately down beside her chair. Bra looked up and caught the glare of the girl, Mila, who sat beside her.
"What are you looking at kid?" Mila growled at Bra.

>"Oh, nothing! Gomen!" Bra said hastily. She stood up and exited the classroom.
Bra stood in the hall, her heart pumping in her chest. She couldn't take it! She couldn't STAND how they all looked at her! Like she was dirt of some kind! And WHY they treated her like this?

>Because she was younger than them. Bra was only 8 years old and she was in the 6th grade with a bunch of mean 12-year-olds. Bra stifled a tear. Even though the 8-year-olds at her school were nowhere NEAR her level of brainpower, they were still nice, kind kids!
There was also one more reason, it was her family. The kids had been snotty when they found out she was 8, but they were downright CRUEL when they found out that her mother was the head of capsule corp.

>Bra's blue eyes started to water as she thought about that day, it had been several months ago...
...

>several months ago
Bra sat at her desk, reading the textbook, after Miss Yuri had stepped out of the room for a minute.

>Bra was having difficulty with an equation in the textbook so she pulled out her laptop and typed in the question into the master calculator program on it. After a minute she noticed a few classmates were huddled around her. She looked up from her laptop.
"Why do you always have the newest Capsule Corp. products Bra?" One girl asked.

>"Yah! You don't look like the kind to steal it! How'd you afford it?" A boy asked.
"Uhh, well...my mother gave it to me." Bra said softly. She wasn't used to this much attention from them.

>"Liar." A voice said.
Bra looked up and all around. "Who said that?" She demanded.

>"I did. You couldn't have gotten that from your mother. It hasn't been released yet. Now tell us. Where did you swipe it from?" A classmate of hers, Ken, walked out from the corner of his room, where his desk was and walked right in front of Bra.
"I'm NOT a thief! My mother gave me it!" Bra slammed the laptop closed. How DARE he accuse her of stealing from her mother's company?

>"The only way your mother could've gotten it to you is if she stole it. Because you know your mother is a thief and trashy. Just like you." Ken smirked.
Bra rose from her chair, her energy level was

rising greatly in her anger, dangerously rising.
>"How dare you talk about my mother that way? She is the head of Capsule Corp! Why would she steal from her own company?" Bra screamed in Ken's face.
smack
>Bra held her face in shock. Ken had slapped her, right across her face.
"That's what you get for being a rich little snob." Ken stated.
>"Yeah! Stop thinking you're better than us!" Mila shouted.
"Snob! Brat! Stuck up!" These were the chants of her classmates as they circled around her.
>Bra glanced from side to side at the angry faces. She closed her eyes and jumped, clear over their heads and landed gracefully on a table across the room. The mob of students just turned around and crossed the room to swarm her again. Suddenly, one kid tried to scare her by throwing a chair at her. Bra turned around just in time to see the chair reaching her face. Her instincts to move failed as it got closer.
"BARRIER!" She shouted. And a yellowish wave of energy surrounded her, and as the chair whacked into it, it broke into pieces.
>Just at that second, Miss Yuri walked into the room.
"BRA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" She screamed.
>"Nothing Miss." Bra said as she leapt off the desk.
Then the strangest thing happened. Miss Yuri blinked, twice.
>Then she said, "Oh class I'm so glad you were so well behaved!" And she strolled into the class, like she hadn't seen the chair smash into pieces.
Bra sat in her chair, confused as ever. What just happened to Miss Yuri?
>Then one voice whispered to her. "We all saw what you did. Freak."
...
>Bra snapped back to the present. Things hadn't been the same ever since. Now instead of the kids just taunting her, they would try to physically hurt her. Just for kicks. Just to see her defensive moves.
It was underhanded and cruel. They treated her like some kind of circus freak.
>Bra shuddered as she realized it had been exactly 6 months ago. Her blue eyes misted up and the world shifted into a rainbow of blurry tears.
Bra violently shook her head. One thing she promised herself that day, was that she would never let them see her cry.

>

> <p><p>

2. Chapter 2

Bra - One life is too much.

>_____
Chapter 3 - Change of Scenery

>_____

>6 years passed. And not much changed for Bra in those long years. She was still at the top of her class, her graduating class that was. She was fourteen years old and was graduating from high school, and quite possibly as the valedictorian too.

>Her relationship with her classmates stayed the same. With the cruelty exception. Ever since she had entered the high school, instead of open threats of violence, the pressure had been purely academic. She had been seen as a threat by other students and that just encouraged them to study harder and harder.

> On this particular day, Bra was running late for class. She huffed

and puffed as her feet quickly hit the sidewalk. Her bookbag smacked severely on her knees as she ran. And all the way there, she was cursing, "Trunks....baka...grabbing the last capsule...aarrgh!!!" Her eyes intent on the sidewalk which she would have to turn right on at this moment.

> As she rounded the corner, she stopped dead in her tracks and gasped.

> Her breaths quickened as her heart started to pound faster and faster.

> She glanced around from side to side quickly as her whole surroundings shifted.

> She looked down at her hands and gasped at the smallness of them. She lifted her head up slowly, as she took a good hard look at where she was.

> And there she was, 6 years ago, in the middle of the park. On that day...that day...

> "Dammit!" She swore in her childish 8 year old voice. "Whats happening? Why am I dreaming about that day???...again..." She whimpered meekly. Every so often, since that day, exactly 6 years ago, she would have the most vivid dream about being showered in a forest full of black petals, which on contact would turn blue!

> Bra gasped once more. "Nani?????" She questioned, as she blinked, and her surroundings changed back to what it had been a few moments earlier. Her being 14 years old, not 8, and the park was a bit more modern then it was 6 years ago.

> Bra staggered forward as she started to break into her late run for school as she felt a warm, strong hand place itself on her shoulder. Then the same hand turned her around, Bra complied with the person, she felt faint as she turned around and saw the face.

>The face which had changed in all those 6 years, but had stayed the same! Bra's eyes wandered south and she noticed the body which had changed a LOT in those 6 years....

>"Hey!" His voice laughed as he tilted her chin to make her look at his face again, and not his physique. "Whats so interesting?" He questioned lightly.

>"Kiamo?????" Bra yelped as she clutched the young man by his shoulders and stared into his ruby red eyes. She shook him a few times to make sure it wasn't an illusion. "Is this really you?" She asked again, in a more controlled voice. Her eyes still searched in his, to see if this really was her old friend, or a dream.

>His laughter sounded like magic as his body filled with it. He reached forward and gently grabbed Bra's wrist. "Of course its me! And I've come to repay that favour that I owe you." He said mischevously. Bra blinked in confusion. "Favour that you owe me?" She repeated blankly.
"Yup!" He said, and he tugged on her wrist some more. "C'mon! Let's go!" Bra complied and let Kiamo lead her into the forest.

>
The two walked silently, but cheerily into the woods. The trees all started to look the same as they kept on their way. "Are we almost there?" Bra asked. Kiamo just nodded his head towards a clearing in front of them.

>
"Wow. I've never been to this part of the woods before." She murmured to nobody in particular.

>"As you shouldn't." Kiamo answered simply. "It will be gone once we leave." And on his saying that, a shimmery blue, black pool appeared in the clearing.

>Bra twisted her wrist out of Kiamo's grip and she backed up a few steps. "Leave?" She asked panicked. "Where are we going? Where are you TAKING me?" Bra suddenly felt deceived and alone once more as she

challenged Kiamo.

>Kiamo frowned as he turned back to look at his companion. "I already told you. I've come to repay the favour you gave me." He said, a bit hurt at Bra's reaction.
"What? Are you going to give me a capsule car to go home?" She countered, a bit tartly.

>Kiamo's face fell. "No..not exactly...but I was going to take you somewhere...."

>Bra winced, she hadn't meant to hurt his feelings, so she tried to take a gentler approach.
"WHERE. Where were you going to take me Kiamo?" She asked him again, a bit more carefully.

>
"Away, away from all of them..." He mumbled, lowering his head, hiding his eyes from her view, as he shifted from foot to foot nervously.

>
Bra raised her eyebrow, "Away from who?" She stepped closer to her friend. "And why?"

>
Kiamo raised his head, his red eyes flashing with anger. "From everybody!" He spat. "I saw how they treated you! You truly don't deserve to be stuck here, somewhere where you aren't appreciated! You living here was a mistake. You deserve to be somewhere else! You should be home....and I'll take you there!"

>
Bra just blinked in shock, shock that he knew about her treatment, shock that he had such strong feelings, and shock that he actually cared for her so much, after only meeting once in real life, and several times in dreams....

>
"Waitamminute...what do you mean home? I'am home." She said, confused.

>
Kiamo just shook his head. "No, no you aren't." And with that, he took her wrist and leapt into the portal.

>

>
Comments, suggestions, flames to

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>

End
file.